

Poetry Series

**obinna chilekezi**  
**- poems -**

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## obinna chilekezi(22nd August 1965)

Obinna Chilekezi was born in Diobu Port Harcourt Rivers State Nigeria. He attended the Federal Polytechnic, Nekede; Yaba College of Technology, Lagos; Times Journalism Institute, Lagos and Ladoke Akintalo University Ogbomosho. He is a Chartered Insurance Practitioner and has written many books on Insurance, of which one of them one the African Insurance Organisation Book Award in 2016.

He started writing poems at an early age. His poems had appeared in Newspapers: Daily Times, Times International, Rake and ANA Review. His poems have been published in anthologies like Twenty Nigerian Writers (ANA Lagos) : For Ken, For Nigeria (E. C. Osondu) : New Nigerian Voices (Gloria Monica Emezue) . He has published three collections of poems: My Son Chkeziri Too Died, Rejection and Other Poems, and Half a Yellow Sun.

# A Beautiful Day

Come, come into the light  
See, see the doves  
Some white doves on sunshine padding  
Their shadows sparkle on  
A cloud of crimson Cathedral glass

Morning yet at dawn  
Ready, ready of today's flight  
But dreadful wave beseech  
My tommy, and I peep,  
Peeping towards the waiting sun

The dawn runs from the dusk,  
The dusks from the dawn  
Towards this wet waiting morning

Come, come into the light  
See, see the doves  
Sparkle their shadows  
On a cloud of crimson Cathedral glass

Out there is noonday  
The sun fights the rain  
And the rain fights back the sun  
Like cymbals clashing

Come out, come out of your shadow  
A beautiful day, it is

19/09/16

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# A Cold Morning

A cold morning  
Very cold morning indeed  
Just like a tip of ice on a soul

Blow o' cold morning wind  
But remember, but remember indeed  
Those whose swelter of love is missing

Blow, blow cold morning wind  
With hands strong, breezy and windy  
Just as cold as this morning cold

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# A Wasted Smile, To Behold

and there, up and near, to behold  
distinct on the horizon, the  
cyclical smiles of the moon at dawn

many still tied to bed,  
the smiles beam  
and beam impressively, to behold

a more kinder face, to behold  
and our village still busy  
mourning youths slaughter, for  
dreaming a Trumpian Biafra dream

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# After The Rain

the cloud loud and dark it is  
just like yesterday and turning into mist  
here stand I at the riverside  
dim, gleaming in the darkness of rain

the rain has come  
it thrummed on the tree's roof  
cascading off everywhere

this rain is strong  
as strong as Lagos rain of june  
without the lantern lighting of october  
as it continually urinating done the ground

the rain is coming stronger  
here I am, standing beneath the tree roof  
with urge to crawl into a sleepingbag  
that is nowhere to be seen

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# Chibok

now the dreary days are set to be out of the way  
chibok to see you am coming  
and see returns of those suspended laughters  
and the froth of peaceful cuckoos on the branch

the night of days gone tremble had been  
the dawn of yet to come of hope...  
as spring tides surge and seethe across the land  
and the sun through the ruin will sail, again and again  
□

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# Dawn

The day crawls to break  
As drops of dew scatter  
Everywhere with mist  
Cold, yet Cockerel struggling to crow  
This is dawn, chilling dawn light  
Creeps into the room through the windows  
Dawn of the day, dawn of wet grasses  
With dangerous traps of fear hidden  
Fear of the new day past dawn  
Wake up, I heard, it is morning  
Stinging pains of dawn sting on me  
As fresh silence strikes me at the face  
Thank God is dawn, Good morning dawn  
So says the raw sounds of birdsongs  
As I struggle to face the day today.

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# Ebola

let us embrace my love  
shun all fears of ebola my love  
as all our destination  
in sand of the earth will end  
so my love for love so strong  
than this fear of death  
from butterfly of disease  
and bats of death

let us embrace now  
for all we call something  
is actually indeed nothing

for each other we need to embrace  
as we are not an isolated island of life  
so at this time of scare  
we have to each other to lean and support  
to reach out to embrace  
for we are one as a whole, ebola notwithstanding

let us embrace now  
for all we call something  
is actually indeed nothing

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# Faith

Sun sets  
for dawn to come  
in sunset at dawn

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# Fear Of This Meeting

after that long flight  
the eagle and its former nest  
beacons each other once more ...

the peril on the sun ...  
the cracker box loafer  
the eagle has mingled with another nest  
though with thongs of pains for reward  
and its former nest an abode of a scorpion

the eagle smiles with a chat  
to the former nest  
and the latter in nodding, agreed

can the eagle come back  
or away maintain its flight of thongs  
as those of school lovers  
after years of cold heart  
and years of separated ways meet

the eagle and its former nest at a crossroad

should they in flight again go  
or should they each other embrace?  
10/10/15

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# Frustrated People

The damp of life  
Afteryears of struggling empty afternoons  
Life has gone grey  
The amputated penis dangles  
In this gibbering society

A frustrated people  
All of us at the roadsides of want  
Of confrontation, and of hope  
Filled up with mixed self-pity  
From naked flesh of sorrowing soul

A frustrated people  
A people you know at eyesight  
Those people know no please and thanks  
When you meet them you know them

Father in haven, and everywhere  
This global melting up of frustration  
You we beseech to remove  
In this greyness of isolated moments

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# Good Morning Birds

Kuku ble kuku, kuku ble kuku  
It is morning, and fresh birds' songs  
Twitting around that cold early morn  
The birds twit and sing, singing and twitting  
Melodiously  
I walk down to the window, opened it  
But could only respond: good morning birds  
14/05/18

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# Harmattanic Dawn

This dawn again  
yes, the day ought to have broken  
by now, for it is past six o'clock  
dark traps everywhere  
traps hidden in the wet grass  
as drops of dew scatter  
and glisten the dark  
Moment later  
the chill sunlight appears with it -  
fresh silence of a new day  
and raw yolk sound of birdsongs  
The dawn is at our feet again  
early, you and I should wake up  
and as fast as the antelope  
for the fear of the day's lion

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# Let's Be Thankful

Let's thankful be me  
and appreciate  
in good and in worse  
a case may be

as when I close  
this eye in love  
to again wake  
with more  
such of these  
and friends also awake  
what a life  
ending up in life  
again, awake  
05/12/16

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# Love Renewed

Breaking this old norm  
The old man falls in love  
With an old woman, renewing love

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# My New Dawn

I, just as Moses, brushes with the glory of God  
In this new daybreak encounter

A new dawn  
A new dawn cloaked in a cloud  
Of mystery is born  
And I showcase my fouette

My dawn has come  
this new dawn of foreboding edge  
Of great revelations with glints  
In this morning sun

yes, it catches my eyes ....

My dawn has come true  
Which glints in the morning sun

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# New Dawn Of Life

after this turbulent night  
a new dawn is born again

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# Our Delta

Weaning under the scorching sun  
Oily, dim, through the misty panes  
And thick dark light  
Drowning her, slowly killings in the milieu -  
Can we be contended with such saddening spillages?  
Of oil and blood and youth restiveness  
Making our nation to trek from problem to problem

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# Our Lives At Dawn

Smooth as a new born baby  
and fresh as the first rain of the year

so shall our lives be at dawn

Weeping my last for the night  
the smog is gone  
the day is cold

dawn dreams ....  
We wait for a new song of day  
for in the morning there shall be joy

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# Our World Of Bubble Gum

we succeed in dreams  
perfectly humans  
exchanging sufferings  
for not ever knowing sufferings ...  
and we walk out at dawns  
as ambulatory surgeons  
in a druglike desires  
accompanied by smattering pneumonias

this world, not much worst  
than wrapped bubble gums

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# Ourpoor Lamentation

Our poor lamentation

(for the Benue dead)

By Obinna Chilekezi

The earthquake of hatrage, again,  
Occurring, reducing the vulnerability  
Of our oneness  
As our land litters red  
With blood, blood and blood

Aftermath ...

Brother going after brother's throat  
Leaving behind this pluvial tears across the land  
And brunt anger herding the dead,  
Our dead to grave

This hatrage's magnitude, high  
At this winter of change  
Cruising crops to bud early, and  
Cold snaps in early spring  
Along the Benue land

Can we help stop this, can we stop this..  
Of crops blooming prematurely  
In the land  
O' our poor lamentation  
29/04/18

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# Poetry

sparks the lightning:  
hard! Hark!  
the breathing space after  
will come out poetry, the  
reality of creative  
interpretation  
of man

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# Rainbow

Rainbow

stars in their sockets shift  
no bird's singsong still  
and distressed stone terrac winds  
fanning downward and upward

after that heated noon  
the rains bathe the sky  
and the sky smiles  
in appreciation

a rainbow  
was born

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# Stolen Moment

Just as a stolen moment  
Me and you in this chat  
After years by and time rebirth  
The falcon 'as come to the falconer  
I and you in this scared embrace  
In an anomy of a stolen moment

I 'll sign my name  
Across your belle  
Leaving this wave  
To give new life  
A breathe

Then the scare  
Waking up me  
Just a deferred dream

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# The New Dawn Dreams

thick cloudy winds  
this change again  
the harmattan of change  
and cries of pains  
and pains of cries  
abound

at the door post of wishes  
and our a purpose

do you see, look at the sea  
at moments of blinding opportunities  
abound

rare lifelong visions  
beckons us  
in this twisted moments  
of cries, of pains

to change we have to be  
for this new freshness  
of the new dawn dream  
abound

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# The Rain At Gambian River Bridge

I have come to behold you  
and sing of your dazzling waterness  
just at the point of the meeting  
of the Gambian and Atlantic  
the watery movement, slowly  
luxuriously embracing each other  
and the refreshing coolness of night  
and we the witnesses place our presences  
the gathering cloud of storms  
stormclouds and calls for rain  
around the sun's grilling heat  
as we the witnesses watch for a porch  
quick as an eyelid's wink  
flashes everywhere as  
suspended twinkling of angry stars  
then water poured on waters  
breaking in nature's rhythm  
with a slow sudden shock serene  
as we speak  
and we the witnesses take  
the pleasure of the coconut trees sheltering us.  
(written after a visit to river Gambia)

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# The Smile Goes On Leave

The flower winters with this death  
It fell short of love  
And the familiar smiles go on leave

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# This Life For You

It's a two way traffic  
those coming and those going  
as they come  
we celebrate  
as they go  
we wipe  
when at ripen grayed hair  
they go, we celebrate

i too want to go  
in celebration too

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# Today Is Mother's Day

Words are enough to say all to say  
About the woman that I passed through  
The narrow route of her hills of hip  
That august dark morning, and since

That day she has been there for me  
Right from the early morning preparations  
At Nnaayi Kiaza's class down to the rough  
College road, and since then

She has been there, whether at the time of  
Crises, cries and joy and jubilation, watching  
Talking, shouting, advising, down to the time  
I chose the rough road of marriage, she's there

So each a time I sit by her side  
Confused to say how grateful I should  
Be to her for tough stance, & that I  
Should not follow the streetfilled up crowd  
Of my growing era, just like most boys of me time did

What can I say to this woman than this:  
May God continue to shower her  
With blessings night and day  
13/05/18

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# Untitled

Come, you seeeeeeee .....  
Look, look at that black dove  
Sitting elegantly, majestic  
At the tip of that greeny tree

I have seen you  
Looking with white eyes  
At that perched black dove  
Envyng its black spirit of holy

Look at its solemn wings  
And you point your zooming flashing camera  
At sight of the black dove  
Capturing its shadow of real

Look, our bird of watch  
Raises its wing in protest  
Off in protest it goes  
Annoyed by the pointed zooming  
Of your flashing camera.  
18/09/2015

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# Your Card Arrived

The flowerily card arrived  
With lipstick mark, stains  
Telegraphing your roly-poly  
Arousing thought, shared thoughts  
With you  
Moonlighting together like moon

The hibiscus drawn card, red like rose  
Arrived unexpected like a thief  
Crushing surprises of silent seeking  
Currenting unexpected moods, just  
A cream creaming against jagged cracks  
With its bleaching effects on our stained spots

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# Your White Eyes On My Dove

Come, you seeeeeeee .....  
Look, look at that black dove  
Sitting elegantly, majestic  
At the tip of that greeny tree

I have seen you  
Looking with white eyes  
At that perched black dove  
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18/09/2015

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